

THE DIAL

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A LITERARY ANNIVERSARY.

The October number of "The Atlantic Monthly," which celebrates the fortieth anniversary of that periodical, is as noteworthy an issue of a magazine as has ever appeared in this country, and is at the same time suggestive of a good many reflections concerning the history of American literature, both periodical and general. In this case, indeed, the ordinary distinction between these two kinds of literature, together with the implied notion that one is inferior to the other, very nearly vanishes, so closely have the interests of the

"Atlantic" always been bound up with those of literature in the best sense. Not only has a large part of what we all recognize as the permanent literature of the nation first seen the light in the pages of this magazine, but it has also occupied from the start, and with no lapse from its high aims, the unique position expressed by its constant purpose "to hold literature above all other human interests, and to suffer no confusion of its ideals." In describing the position of the "Atlantic" as unique, we have no intention of disparaging the work done by the illustrated monthlies, which have placed so much wholesome and instructive reading in the hands of the public, which have contributed so notably to the development of popular artistic taste, and which have offered so generous an encouragement to the profession of letters by providing a satisfactory market for all sorts of good work. But the fact remains that the great success of the "Atlantic" has been achieved and maintained without the adventitious aid of pictures, that the timelessness of a theme or the notoriety of a writer have never alone been sufficient to secure admission to its pages, and that it has not been willing to attack the social and political abuses of the time unless it might enlist the grace of literary form as an efficient ally in the crusade.

The temptation to pursue ideals somewhat less severe than these must sometimes have been very great. The illustrated monthlies have grown up and flourished like green bay trees (although we would not have the simile of the Psalmist carried to its logical conclusion in all their cases), while the "Atlantic" has enjoyed its modest prosperity in unenvious self-respect. It has seen some of its contemporaries broaden their circulation to an extent tenfold that of its own without swerving from the lines which it originally marked out. It has viewed with equanimity their successful exploitation of one popular theme after another, and has refrained from following their example, so alluring from the standpoint of the counting-room, because their methods savored necessarily of journalism. It has stood calmly aside while the lions of the hour have been captured and placed on exhibition by other magazines, because its editors have always demanded something more than the ephemeral interest that attaches to men and subjects that are but the fashion of the

day. It has eschewed the pictorial appeal to popularity because of its abiding faith in the virtue of a singleness of aim, and because it has recognized the fact that illustrations cannot be associated with literature without some lowering of the technical standards of the latter art. And for the exercise of this threefold restraint, if it has fallen behind in the race for commercial success, it has won the respect and the loyalty of all who can fitly appreciate a fine ideal constantly pursued, of all for whom the dignity of the literary calling is a matter of deep personal concern. "Holding fast to the faith of its founders," such is its proud and well-warranted boast, "that literature is one of the most serious concerns of men, and that the highest service to our national life is the encouragement and the production of literature, the 'Atlantic' has never had owner or editor who was tempted to change its steadfast course by reason of any changing fashion."

The names of the owners and editors who have thus handed down the magazine whose record is so enviable are inscribed upon a roll of honor in the minds of the generation that has grown up with the life of the "Atlantic." Of the publishers there are Phillips, Sampson & Co., Ticknor and Fields, and the successors of the latter down to the present firm of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Of the editors there are Lowell, (1859-61), Fields (1861-71), Mr. Howells (1871-80), Mr. Aldrich (1880-90), and Mr. Scudder (1890-97). Nor must we omit the name of Mr. Walter H. Page, who became associated with Mr. Scudder in 1895, and whose vigorous editorial policy has given new life and strength to the magazine during the past two years. Some of the recent numbers, indeed, have contained groups of articles so solid in content and so dignified in form as to challenge a favorable comparison with the best issues of the old days, when the contributors to the magazine included the half dozen greatest men in American literature.

A list of the famous productions that first saw the light in the "Atlantic" would be too lengthy to find a place in these notes, and only a few may be even mentioned. At the very start, Lowell insisted "that Dr. Holmes should be engaged as the first contributor," and to that insistence we owe the fact that the first number contained the beginning of the "Autocrat" papers. Emerson's "Brahma" also appeared in that first number, and proved "caviare to the general." There were a dozen other principal contributors besides these two, and three

of them are living to-day. A few of the famous poems written for the "Atlantic" are "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," "The Chambered Nautilus," "Barbara Frietchie," "The Commemoration Ode," "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," "The Fool's Prayer," and "Prospice." We name only poems so generally familiar that the names of their authors come to the mind at once. In fiction, besides the many serials, there are such stories as "Marjorie Daw" and "The Man Without a Country." In sober scholarship there are such writings as Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," and the scientific papers of Agassiz. In short, there is no department of American literature, whether creative or scholarly, that would not be much the poorer were it without the works that have represented it in the "Atlantic Monthly."

For forty years, then, this magazine has been devoted to "literature, science, art, and politics" (so runs the cover-title), and "literature" has rarely been missing even from the treatment of the other major themes. The editor draws a parallel between the contents of the magazine for its first and its fortieth years which well shows how steadfastly the same intellectual aims have been pursued. Rather than repeat this comparison, we prefer to suggest certain contrasts between the contents of the anniversary issue now before us and any possible issue of the magazine forty years ago. The proverb that men and their interests change with the changing times could not receive a better illustration. Mr. James Lane Allen's "Two Principles in Recent American Fiction" requires for its inductions a literature of some maturity, and such a paper could hardly have been written in 1857. M. Brunetière's contribution stands for our modern cosmopolitanism, and an essay by a foreign critic would have been a strange phenomenon indeed in the provincial days of the "Atlantic." Almost equally strange would have been an essay upon a young contemporary Italian novelist, and such a novelist — could he have been discovered — as Signor d'Annunzio. "A Russian Experiment in Self-Government," by Mr. Kennan, embodies a whole range of ideas that forty years ago had hardly found their way into the consciousness of writers upon political and sociological problems. In fact, there was no "sociology" in those days, and political science scorned those studies in primitive organization that are now its very life-blood. "The Old View of Childhood and the New" presents a contrast that

could hardly have been imagined at a time when all views of childhood were indistinguishably old, and when pedagogy had not yet reared its head among the arts. As for a story of "Twenty-five Years' Progress in Equatorial Africa," if told at all in 1857, it would have been either like the story of "a cycle of Cathay," or a bold essay in romantic fiction. At that time there were no "Recent Discoveries Respecting the Origin of the Universe," for the instrument was unknown that should first make such discoveries possible; and there could not have been any discussion of "The Upward Movement in Chicago," for there was no Chicago worth viewing from such a standpoint. Finally, we may remark that the very interesting article entitled "Forty Years of the Atlantic Monthly" could hardly have had a prototype even of the prospective sort, in the first year of the magazine's history, for no prophetic vision could have foreseen that the problem offered by the material subduing of a new continent was to be succeeded by the infinitely more difficult problem of subduing its rapidly expanding population to the decencies and the amenities of civilized life, or that the "Atlantic Monthly" would become so potent an agency in the performance of that latter gigantic task.

LITERARY VALUES.

A few years ago it was widely conceded that Robert Louis Stevenson had invented style, that Tolstoi had discovered human nature, and that Herbert Spencer had said the last word about the problem of the universe. Dissentients there were, indeed, who held that Flaubert was really the first writer who had ever properly expressed himself, that the Goncourts had dug up those "human documents" we have heard so much about, and that Renan had given the final thrust to theology and philosophy with his dagger of ironical condescension.

It has always been so, I suppose. In the forties they were wondering where Macaulay "got that style," and had little doubt that Dickens had superseded Shakespeare. It is with literature as with the weather — our memories are short, and every season is the hottest or the wettest we have known. Now, however, that we are nearing our century's end, there is noticeable a pause, a lull in our laudation of ourselves. We are beginning to wonder how our time will appear at the roll-call of the ages. Modernity in literature is a taking bait. People have a natural prejudice for reading about themselves and their sons-in-law. They like to see in print familiar names and places. But after all, the main things we have to write about are the perma-

nent facts of nature, and the emotions, thoughts, and actions of our unchanging humanity. An author who tries to create a literature out of his own head may be modern, but he is not like to become immortal. Even the decalogue promises long life to those who honor their fathers and their mothers.

There are authors like Spinoza and Kant, who have, of course, no concern with the concrete manifestations of character, and who might as well express themselves in algebraic symbols as in common language for all they have to do with style, yet who, nevertheless, have that in their thought which lifts their works out of the category of the mere literature of knowledge, the dull domain of facts, and places them among the proud imaginations of mankind. There are authors, like Le Sage and Dumas and Jane Austen, who have hardly an idea to their backs, and no more style than is needed to tell a story rapidly and plainly, yet whose creative force — power over essential human nature — is so prodigious that "Gil Blas" and "The Three Guardsmen" and "Pride and Prejudice" are like to last as long as men read. And of course there are authors, like Gray, who coin the commonplaces of the world into words of gold.

Style is not single but complex. It is hard to catch it in the act, to fix this Cynthina of the minute in any one toilet. As far as prose is concerned, style seems to be a vivid realization of all that can be said on a subject and an apt selection of the most telling points. It certainly does not consist in hunting for fine words. Mr. Pater, in his essay on Style, concentrates his attention on a single writer — Gustave Flaubert; and lovingly describes his agonies of composition. A greater master of expression than Flaubert, John Keats, says of poetry that if it did not come easily it had better not come at all. Keats, in the old phrase, corrected his verses with care, but he made no fuss about it. We do not correct our verse or prose to-day; we strive for the "ultimate word," the "chiseled phrase," the "enamelled expression," and record our struggles with complacency, as if the contortions of the Sybil were of more importance than the oracle she has to utter. Still speaking of prose, the more we regard style the more it resolves itself into mental endowments, thought, imagination and so forth. I open a story of Mr. Stevenson's — who, if not the first of writers, is a very good one — I open "Markheim" or "The Pavilion on the Links," and what do I find? An original and audacious way of looking at things, and much richness of experience and imagination. He has plenty of the bank-notes of thought in his pocket, and does not have to make one idea do the work of ten. Mere terseness and happiness of language follow as naturally as the day the sun. A great deal of modern prose, however, is given up to the attempt to do more than exhibit what the author has inside him. It tries to rival painting in rendering nature, and music in reproducing sound, and is so delicate of scent that, as Catullus says, you wish you were all one nose.

Marini and Gongora and the *Précieuses* of Moliere are re-born in every generation. There are styles to-day which can only be understood through the pores.

Poetry is on quite another footing in regard to style. It is a formal art. Something sensuous is added to the idea. It is its business to be beautiful, its right to be adorned. Prose ought to go straight to the mark; it is the paradox of poetry that in it a curved line is the shortest distance between two points. Perhaps every poem which has got itself remembered has a certain movement which distinguishes it from all other verse. It is in this matter that poetry has its triumph over prose. Prose may be, though it seldom is, as concentrated as verse; thought and creative force may express themselves as well in one as in the other, — but the returns, the correspondences, the accelerations, the retardations, the discords, and the harmonies of verse give it a power to express life itself. It is motion made apparent.

Both in poetry and prose, style seems to demand an indescribable union of personality and the past. One must be individual, or as a stylist one does not exist; one must be universal, or as a stylist one dies. Many can model themselves on the masters, but they will fail of style for a lack of that freedom and freshness which can only come from some inward fount. Many may have a native daring, strength, and originality, yet fail of style for want of moderation and measure. It is necessary to fight for one's own hand, yet to follow a flag which has led the generations. Dr. Johnson, in the mass of his work, tried to write Latin prose in English, and achieved no style. Carlyle, in "*Sartor Resartus*," threw aside all reasonable restraints of language, and achieved no style. It is a narrow bridge to walk, and there is an abyss on either hand.

To have style is to be of equal validity with natural things; to be as strong as winds and tides and sunbeams; to have creative power is to be as a god. It is an uncalculable thing to create a real human being, and to create a world is more than to conquer one. An appearance of the gift is common enough. Mimicry and observation will do the trick. Readers are quite ready to make believe; and as children christen a stick or a rag, and read into it all the qualities of a living baby, so grown folk accept from their novelists or their historians—who are only novelists who plagiarize their plots and do not have to invent names for their characters—labelled dummies, and for the instant think that they are alive. But a genuine creation is a different thing. It is a magnet of tremendous strength, and tends to draw all minds to it and make them like itself. Achilles created Greece in his own image, and Hamlet has almost absorbed Germany.

There are many bad ways of creating character. Our contemporary trick of dialect and local color must have been the invention of a lazy writer who wished to make other people write his books for him. The exploitation of what is called a "type" is another feeble method. The moment an author

looks upon another human being from a superior point of view, and hails him as a "type," he ceases to have any power over him. The old method of "humors" practiced by Ben Johnson had a better reason in it, though of course it was quite false. Of all the amazing methods of creation, however, that produced by Victor Hugo was the queerest. He went by recipe—so many ingredients to such a result. Some of his explanations as to how he made his characters read like directions for compounding an omelette or a sauce! Character in analysis is the last infirmity of minds which are almost genuinely creative. It is so near life, it betrays as a rule such knowledge of human nature, that one is tempted to take it for what it seems. But in the main it is a puzzle put together only to be taken apart.

Invention is not enough, observation is not enough. Great as Hawthorne is, there is a quality of cold curiosity in his dealings with some of his creatures which is as repellant in effect as a surgical operation. Enthusiasm and admiration are necessary even in satire. One half of Dryden's characters of Rochester and Shaftesbury, and of Pope's Addison and Villiers, are superb and unmeasured eulogy. What the poet or novelist needs to do is to draw his creation into his soul—live in it—and feel for it the love that mothers bear for their children, whether they are good or evil. This method has the one disadvantage that it stamps something of the creator's personality upon the creation, so that all Shakespeare's men are poets and all Moliere's wits. The fact that an author has enjoyed a character is one test of its reality. Jane Austen evidently delighted in her curates, whereas Charlotte Brontë half hated and wholly despised hers. The difference is felt. There is hardly anyone in Shakespeare's world—villains, criminals, or fools included—whom he did not evidently love, hardly any one against whom he would have been willing to draw an indictment.

It is curious, indeed, that wickedness and weakness force themselves to the front as the protagonists of almost every drama. Great literature is the biography of criminals and fools. Average morality and average intelligence are not the stuff out of which to create characters that will interest. Evil, indeed, seems to be the energetic force of the universe, and is the cause of the obstacles and collisions from which events spring. Every great creative poet is a Manichaean. In spite of himself, Milton was forced to make the devil his hero; and Richardson was shocked to discover that his Lovelace was a most attractive monster. The populace are willing to pay for crime. Nothing sells a newspaper like a murder. Even in the natural world, those lurid villains of nature's melodrama, the lightning and the storm, get infinitely more spectators than the milder and beneficent agencies of sunlight and dew. Goethe said that he had learned from Polygnotus that our business on this earth was to enact hell. Except Poe and Hawthorne, no American writer has ever had any suspicion of this fact. Ever

since that adventure in Boston Harbor, there has been a flavor of tea in all New England literature.

One test of a creation is to note whether it is perfectly clear and understandable. If it is, it probably is a bad piece of work, a puppet moved by wheels and pulleys, and warranted to do the same thing whenever wound up. About the greatest figures in fiction, there is something of mystery, some possibilities of the unexpected. We do not understand them thoroughly, any more than we understand our neighbors or ourselves. Goethe's Hamlet is the real one,—but so is Coleridge's, and Hazlitt's, and Kean's, and Booth's, and Irving's, and yours and mine. However diverse and contradictory these different impressions are, they are all aspects of the one mighty and mysterious figure which is forever veiled from full view.

Thought and thinkers have gone a good deal out of favor of late. We have acquired a practical turn of mind, and our crowned contemporaries are not metaphysicians or preachers, but electricians and the like. Poe, who was a great critic in his own line, conducted a life-long polemic against didacticism and metaphysics. It is curious to note, though, that he is perhaps the most metaphysical poet in the whole range of literature. The concepts of Time and Space, Birth and Decay, Being and Non-Being, wander up and down his works like ghosts in a deserted house. Herein lies his superiority to Hawthorne, whose speculations were theological, and exercised mainly on the question of sin and redemption, hardly touching the wider problem of Evil. However it has come about, the profound subjects that have engaged literature for all ages are tabooed to it, and writers are bidden to seek lighter and more objective themes. And why? The abstract is not the didactic. To think in poetry does not imply that you are going to turn Adam Smith into rhyme. Abstractions lie at the root of life, and we cannot produce the flower without planting the slip in the ground. Man must think, or sink to the level of the animals. He is fighting in the dark, thrusting and parrying against an obscure opponent, and he does not know whether it is named Annihilation or Immortality. Granted that the problems that rise about us are insoluble by any system of speculation, yet by facing them man will at least realize his soul, which by forgetting them will die out of him.

Arnold, in his essay on Wordsworth, condemns the poetry of revolt. But what great literature is there which is not the literature of revolt? Ideal poetry and satire spring alike from one root—a profound dissatisfaction with ordinary life. Job complains, and Achilles sulks in anger, and Prometheus rebels, and Faust makes pact with the Enemy, and Alceste in proud honesty wishes to leave the world, and Don Juan, with indomitable will, wishes to ruin it. Everywhere there is revolt and upheaval. What is the secret of those proud and melancholy souls, the great poets, which so embitters them with life? Is it not that they carry within them a standard of

perfection and greatness, measured by which the world stands condemned? The world knows very well how to protect itself from its disgusted great men. Homer and Dante were compelled to be little better than tramps; Shakespeare and Moliere were, by the law of the land, vagabonds, and in a day when they hanged that sort of people—in order, I suppose, to give them some visible means of support. But the ideal and standard of the poet always ends in prevailing, in being accepted—though never in being realized.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

COMMUNICATION.

"AN INQUIRENDO INTO THE WIT AND OTHER GOOD PARTS" OF CERTAIN WRITERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Is it too late for another word about "Patrins"? Mr. Hale, in his article on the book and its author in THE DIAL of September 16, seems to agree with Wetherell's criticism of the *Inquirendo*: "It is—well, lopsided; and so mortal serious you know," but may we not quite fairly add his conclusion: "Not that it isn't great fun, too. You will carry the audience."

Mr. William Dean Howells argues quite convincingly that it is not within the province of the critic to decide whether a story is worth telling, but whether it is well told: he is to say whether it is good of its kind, not whether the kind is to his personal liking. Therefore, if a man deliberately announces, "I go a-gypseying," we need not apply strictly commercial tests to his gleanings, or insist that he bring back with him a bag of wheat, threshed and winnowed of chaff. Rather does not the declaration stir something within us to respond, "We also go with thee," as when your favorite playmate used to say, "C'm on: let's go somewhere." Life has other staples than wheat, and there is both value and delight in mint and bramble-berries, and that nondescript plunder with which Nature entices her children into the "Great Playground."

We never outgrow the idyllic delights of sauntering, of simply going somewhere outside of beaten paths; cutting switches for the pleasant feel of the smooth bark; watching the minnows at the footbridge, and leaning with delicious tremors over the deep hole by the hemlock; turning aside for sweet-flag and choke-cherries, browsing on spicy birch twigs, sprouting beech-mast, slippery-elm bark, or whatever wild delicacy may be in season. Does any man grow up properly who never filled a torn hat with small, russetty sugar-sweetings and lay blissfully in the warm stubble to munch them and fling the cores at a grey spot on the gnarled trunk? "Going somewhere," with no thought of arriving; "doing nothing out of doors" but healthily busy in fellowship with the great universe of things that are leisurely ripening, and soaking full of sweetness and sunshine. There is need of plowing and sowing and gathering into barns, but this is the legitimate "return of the native" to the patrimony inherited from Eden before the troublesome specification about "the sweat of thy brow," was inserted in the title-deeds.

Miss Guiney is at her best when she invites us to these excursions, discoursing meanwhile in such whimsical fashion that the veriest plodder must smile

indulgently as he turns from his task to listen, even though she mocks at his ambition and reviles his assumptions. He need not take her altogether in earnest or insist that the stone she throws at pretentious learning is really aimed at kindly wisdom, insensibly diffusing its atmosphere of peace. To be able to carry the "patrimony of liberal education along with one as a sure and inseparable treasure," without "feeling it any burden or incumbrance" — this surely is not to turn traitor to one's opportunities or be disqualified for good citizenship, and if we confess that Miss Guiney's "liberal education" in the wit and wisdom of the Elizabethans is sometimes an incumbrance to her talk, we need not deny her the "power of thought and the power of style." Is this really a trifling age in which men are in danger of turning aside at every tempting stile to stroll in flowery meadows when they should be girding up their loins and addressing themselves seriously to their journey? Are there not more than enough serious books, considering that we ourselves do not wish to read them, but only feel that their perusal would benefit our neighbors? "The Great Playground" never seemed so attractive; the "Harmless Scholar" is infinitely fascinating, and we feel sure it was he who, in some happy moment, dreamed out the true "Ethics of Descent." Is "Quiet London" a misnomer? But who knows London if not Mr. Henry James, and has he not declared that in London alone one may find a typical and absolutely perfect rural walk, over such velvet turf, under such majestic trees, that he longs to be a department clerk, compelled to traverse its delightful way morning and evening.

"Puppy" and "A Fine Gentleman" are improving acquaintances, worthy to be named in the same category with many a literary politician; certainly they do not discredit "His Late Majesty" by their manners or morals. We even prefer their companionship to that of royalty, and could wish that Miss Guiney in her gypseying had gone oftener afield through the green lanes frequented by such unpatented nobility, leaving King Charles to his parks and pleasure grounds, but even so we feel she is quite sure to "carry the audience."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Evanston, Ill., September 24, 1897.

"THE INCOMMUNICABLE TREES."

We hear the ocean's open roar,
The burdened surging; aye the sea
Uplifts his passion, mightily
It wakes, the round of his great shore.
The loud sky shouts her secrecy,
The hill makes moan, rock-ribbed and hoar;
Sea, sky, and hill — far forth these three
Pour out their souls forevermore.
With us, with us, it is not so.
To brooding music move our leaves,
In purl and murmur on and on
Flow subtle numbers, lulling, low,
Half-heard, scarce come ere they are gone;
A mystic stir forever weaves,
The Presence passes to and fro,
The yearning stillness joys and grieves;
But our high calm strive not to hear,
This our deep peace hope not to know.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

The New Books.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.*

The region somewhat pretentiously styled British Central Africa lies north of the Zambesi and in the South Central part of the continent, and is bounded on the north by Lake Tanganyika and the Congo Free State, on the north-east by German East Africa, and on the east, south-east, and west by Portuguese possessions. Politically the country is divided into Sphere of Influence and Protectorate — the former division being administered under the charter of the British South Africa Company, the latter under the Imperial Government directly. The Sphere of Influence is much larger than the actual Protectorate, which is chiefly confined to the districts bordering on Lake Nyasa and on the river Shire. The chief agent in bringing this region under British control was Sir Harry H. Johnston, the accomplished and versatile author of the volume now before us. The ambitious title "British Central Africa" was, it seems, prospectively (and, as it turned out, prematurely) conferred by Sir Harry, who hoped at the time that it would cover a larger and, politically, a much more important district than it now does. As he says:

"On the principle that it is disastrous to a dog's interest to give him a bad name, it should be equally true that much is gained at the outset of any enterprise by bestowing on it a promising title. I therefore chose that of 'British Central Africa' because I hoped the new sphere of British influence might include much of Central Africa where, at the time these deeds were done, the territories of foreign powers were in a state of flux, no hard and fast boundaries having been determined; therefore by fair means Great Britain's share north of the Zambesi might be made to connect her Protectorate on the Upper Nile with her Empire south of the Zambesi."

Eventually, however, the well-laid schemes of the author and his political chiefs looking to continuity of British possessions went "a-gley," the boundaries of German East Africa and of the Congo Free State becoming conterminous in the district north of Tanganyika, an arrangement which interposed a strip of foreign territory between British Central Africa and the English Protectorate to the north of it. England secured from Germany a right of way across the intervening strip — a mere easement

* BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA: An Attempt to Give Some Account of a Portion of the Territories under British Influence North of the Zambesi. By Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. New York: Edward Arnold.

granted by the terms of the Anglo-German Convention. Similarly the Belgian agents were able to establish their claims to the country west and southwest of Tanganyika; so that British Central Africa, so far from attaining the territorial limits and relations to which its founder originally aspired, is now a comparatively isolated inland country having free access to the sea only by a navigable river under international control, and forming a nearly exact geographical parallel to the State of Paraguay in South America.

The present work deals only with that eastern portion of British Central Africa which came within the author's personal experience, that is to say it is mainly confined to the regions bordering on Lakes Tanganyika and the Shire river. Of these comparatively little known regions it gives by far the fullest, weightiest, and most entertaining account that has yet appeared. The narrative and descriptive portions of the work are as a whole admirably done — they are so well done, indeed, that one regrets the more a certain rather trifling or flippant note that crops out in them occasionally, and tends to lower the tone of a scholarly and in some respects even brilliant book. It will prove something of a shock, for instance, to the serious reader to find an eminent naturalist and geographer suddenly dropping the thread of his recital to refresh himself with a quite irrelevant scrap of doggerel, such as this:

"There are all sorts of girls, there is every kind of girl,
There are some that are foolish, and many that are wise;
You can trust them all, no doubt, but be careful to look out
For the harmless little girlie with the downcast eyes."

No book is the worse for humor; but humor, like Sir Harry Johnston's "girls," has its sorts and kinds.

The author has treated his theme with encyclopædic fulness, as a glance at the table of contents indicates. Chapter I. tells us, by means of a vividly picturesque series of typical set scenes and panoramas, "What the Country Looks Like." The succeeding eleven chapters discuss severally the "Physical Geography of the Country"; its "History" (which really begins with Livingstone, though the author hazards some interesting conjectures as to its remote past, based on researches into language, examination of racial types, traditions, etc.); the "Slave Trade"; "European Settlers"; "Missionaries"; "Botany"; "Zoölogy"; "The Natives"; "Languages." Much detailed information, mainly scientific, is contained in the Appendices to the several chapters. The author's turn for scientific pursuits and political

enterprises is coupled with an artist's sense of the beauties of nature and an artist's delight in depicting them. This dualism of temperament, if we may so style it, lends his book its peculiar character. The volume reveals by turns the man of sensibility, and the man of hard facts. It seems as if Sir Harry were possessed alternately of the spirit of Michelet, and the spirit of "Mr. Gradgrind." Of his pictorial style a set scene or two from his opening panorama of Central African scenery may serve as examples.

"A steadily flowing river. In the middle of the stream an islet of very green grass, so lush and so thick that there are no bright lights or sharp shadows — simply a great splotch of rich green in the middle of the shining water which reflects principally the whitish-blue of the sky; though this general tint becomes opaline and lovely as mother-of-pearl, owing to the swirling of the current and the red-gold color of the concealed sand-banks which in shallow places permeates the reflections. Near to the right side of the grass islet separated only by a narrow mauve-tinted band of water is a sand-bank that has been uncovered, and on this stands a flock of perhaps three dozen small white egrets closely packed, momentarily immovable, and all stiffly regardant of the approaching steamer, each bird with a general similarity of outline almost Egyptian in its monotonous repetition. The steamer approaches a little nearer, and the birds rise from the sand-bank with a loose flapping flight and strew themselves over the landscape like a shower of large white petals. . . . The afternoon is well advanced, and in the eastern sky, which is a warm pinkish blue, the full moon has already risen and hangs there a yellow-white shield with no radiance. On the opposite bank of the river to the palm trees is a clump of tropical forest of the richest green with purple shadows, lovely and seductive in its warm tints under the rays of the late afternoon sun. . . . Tiny kingfishers of purple-blue and chestnut-orange flit through the dark net-work of gnarled trunks, and deep in this recess of shade small night-herons and bitterns stand bolt upright, so confident of their invisibility against a back-ground of brown and grey that they do not move even when the steamer passes so close by them as to brush against the tangle of convolvulus and knock down sycamore figs from the glossy-leaved, many-rooted fig trees."

The following transports us to the moon-lit depths of a *Hyphæne* palm forest.

" . . . Each palm is surmounted by a graceful crown of fan-shaped leaves in an almost symmetrical oval mass, radiating from the summit as from a centre. The fruit which is clustered thickly on racemes is — seen by daylight — a bright chestnut brown and the size of a Jaffa orange. This brown husk covering an ivory nut is faintly sweet to the taste and is adored by elephants. It is on that account that I have brought you here to see with the eye of the spirit a herd of these survivors of past geological epochs. Somehow or other it seems more fitting that we should see the wild elephant by moonlight — at this present day. He is like a ghost revisiting the glimpses of the moon — this huge grey bulk, wrinkled even in babyhood, with his monstrous nose, his monstrous ears and his extravagant incisior

teeth. . . . Now you hear the noise they make—an occasional reverberating rattle through the proboscis as they examine objects on the ground half seriously, half playfully; and the swishing they make as they pass through the herbage; or the rustle of branches which are being plucked to be eaten. But they are chiefly bent on the ginger-bread nuts of the palms and to attain these, where they hang out of reach, they will pause occasionally to butt the palm trees with their flattened foreheads. The dried stems and the dead fronds crash down before this jarring blow. The elephants pause every now and then in their feasting, the mothers to suckle their little ones, a huge bull to caress a young female with his twining trunk, or the childless cows to make semblance of fighting, and the half-grown young to chase each other with shrill trumpeting. Before the first pale pink light of early dawn the moonlight seems an unreality. In a few minutes the moon is no more luminous than a round of dirty paper and with the yellow radiance of day the elephants cease their gambolings and feasting, form into line, and swing into one of those long marches which will carry them over sixty miles of forest, plain and mountain to the next halting-place in their seeming-purposeful journey."

British Central Africa is a well-wooded country, especially in the Nyasa province, though here and there on the line of water parting between the river systems there are comparatively barren spots, where the trees are poor and scrubby and the plants grow in scattered tufts. There is nowhere any large unbroken area of the dense tropical forest characteristic of Western Africa; but in the moister districts there are occasional patches of woodland quite West-African in character, and containing, moreover, certain trees, birds, and mammals hitherto believed to be peculiar to that region. From this and other facts the author is led to surmise that "the whole of Africa was once covered with more or less dense forest, but that the climate in the eastern half being drier than in the west, the ravages of the bush fires started by man have made greater headway than the reparatory influence of nature." The geology of the country seems to be relatively simple. The commonest formation is a mixture of metamorphic rocks, *gneiss*, clay-slates, gneiss and schists. The principal mountain ranges are mostly granite. In the stream valleys and depressions, especially in the Nyasaland provinces, is found the black "cotton" soil (a deposit of the shells of molluscs mixed with black vegetable earth), so highly valued in India, and which is usually extremely rich for cultivation. In the sandstone formation of the West Shire district and round the northern half of Nyasa, coal is found—a little shaley on the surface, but probably overlying good combustible coal. As to gold, to the Anglo-Saxon adventurer driven by the *auri sacra*

fames, British Central Africa appears to hold out (as yet) no especially glittering bait.

"In the Marimba and Central Angoniland districts, also in the mountains of the West Nyasa coast region, and in parts of the Shire Highlands, a gold-bearing quartz exists. Alluvial gold is reported to exist on the Northern Angoni plateau, in the West Nyasa district, and at the head-waters of the River Bua, just within the Protectorate. In the valleys of the rivers flowing south to the Zambesi (in Mpezeni's country) gold really does exist, and was worked at Misale by the half-caste Portuguese in the last, and in part of the present century. Although there are many reports that payable gold has been found in the rock, which only needs the requisite machinery to crush out, at anything from 10 dwts. to 1 oz. per ton, no conclusive evidence has yet been offered to support these statements by specimens which can be submitted to analysis."

In the interesting chapter on "Missionaries" the author discusses in a very candid, and, as he claims, impartial way the character and value of missionary work in Central Africa. *Imprimis* he declares that "No person who desires to make a truthful statement would deny the great good effected by missionary enterprise" in that country. This good appears to him, as we gather, to be mainly of the secular and practical kind—the essentially religious results of missionary labor (as indicated by the numbers of real converts made) being relatively small. Hence, it seems probable to Sir Harry that when the history of the great African states of the future comes to be written the early missionary will figure therein primarily as the temporal, rather than the spiritual, guide of the natives, and as the bearer of useful European arts and handicrafts to a benighted continent. All of which, one may suggest in passing, will depend largely upon the mental attitude of the future historian and his generation toward the general question involved. Says the author:

"The pioneering propagandist will assume [in future history] somewhat of the character of a Quetzalcoatl—one of those strange half-mythical personalities which figure in the legends of old American empires; the beneficent being who introduced arts and manufactures, implements of husbandry, edible fruits, medical drugs, cereals, domestic animals. . . . It is they (the missionaries) too who in many cases have first taught the natives carpentry, joinery, masonry, tailoring, cobbling, engineering, bookkeeping, printing, and European cookery; to say nothing of reading, writing, arithmetic, and a smattering of general knowledge. . . . At the Government press at Zomba there is but one European superintendent—all the other printers being mission-trained natives. Most of the telegraph stations are entirely worked by negro telegraph clerks also derived from the missions."

We are to conclude, then, that the verdict of the impartial observer of missionary work

in Central Africa must be almost wholly in its favor. The author finds, nevertheless, that there exists in some quarters a bitter prejudice against the missionaries, and a tendency to deny or to disparage their services. The causes of this feeling, he concludes, are two:

"(1) The Cant which, by some unaccountable fatality, seems to be inseparably connected with missionary work, and (2) the arrogant demeanor often assumed by missionaries toward men who are not of their manner of thought and practice, though not necessarily men of evil life."

Sir Harry's charges as to "cant" and "arrogant demeanor" are doubtless not altogether ill-founded in a certain proportion of individual cases; but it will probably be objected that in thus broadly explaining the existence of the prejudice in question he takes account only of the ways and character of those who are the objects of it, without at all troubling himself to look into the ways and character of those who harbor it; and that an explanation thus grounded is at best only half an explanation. To fully understand why the Central African missionaries are disliked "in some quarters," and to decide fairly just how much or how little they are themselves to blame for it, we must first know who it is that dislikes them. Certain incidental admissions of our author's seem to throw a little light on this point. He remarks, *à propos* of the alleged "arrogant demeanor" of the missionaries, that the average European (lay) pioneers are not "very creditable specimens of mankind."

"They are aggressively ungodly, they put no check on their lusts; released from the restraints of civilization and the terror of 'what people may say,' they are capable of almost any degree of wickedness."

Such being the character of a large contingent of the white population of British Central Africa, the prejudice there against missionaries seems explicable on other grounds than those given by Sir Harry. The missionary is not likely to be a universally popular man in a community largely made up of "aggressively ungodly" people, to whom his presence is a restraint and his ways are a rebuke — and to whom, moreover, all profession of piety is "cant," and who would naturally resent a decent attitude of official aloofness from loose ways and loose company as savoring of "arrogant demeanor" and the spiritual conceit of the "unco guid." In point of fact, there is, as it seems to us, a fundamental rivalry between the African missionaries and the army of self-seeking or merely nomadic adventurers now streaming thither in the wake of the Rhodeses, Jame-

sons, and Barnatos. What dreams of future theocratic states in Africa the more ambitious missionaries may not unreasonably have cherished before the tide of European invasion set in, we do not know; but there is evidently still a clash of aims and ideals between the missionaries and the political agents who are wrangling over and parcelling out the land — and, incidentally, shoving aside or shooting down the original holders of it. Even the godly Boer, trusting in providence and his rifle, treats the black man as a mere beast of burden. In fine, to the missionary Africa is primarily the Lord's vineyard where the Lord's work is to be done; to almost everybody else who goes out there it is a vast field for political and commercial exploitation, where a good deal of even devil's work may be done, if only the useful end is likely to be secured thereby. The African must, and should, give way before the "Africander." But it is in the meantime rather hard for the missionary to see his once special province overrun and his pious toil among the heathen threatened with undoing by industrial civilization's advance guard of largely graceless adventurers, who have little of civilization to bestow upon the black man save the contagion of its vices.

The volume is an exceptionally handsome one, profusely and beautifully illustrated from drawings by the author and from photographs. Sir Harry's experiences of things African is perhaps more thorough and many-sided than that of any other living authority; and the reader who is interested in things African is not likely to find a dull or an uninteresting page in his book.

E. G. J.

ART AND LIFE.*

The relation of literature to life — or, one might as well say, of art to life — is a very important question. A question it has been since Aristotle, and a question it will remain until someone has either genius enough to divine the adequate answer or scholarship enough to work the answer out. And it is important, because nowadays art is becoming a very great possibility in life, a possibility which if rightly used may amount to much.

As the young American grows up, one of

*THE RELATION OF LITERATURE TO LIFE. By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BOOK AND HEART: ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND LIFE. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

the great circumstances which comes somehow to his notice is infallibly Art. Religion, Learning, Science, Politics, Society, Work, Athletics, each one of these, of varying kind and in varying degree, is one of the things that go to make up the surrounding of circumstance wherein he develops. Each may help him to make of himself what he does make of himself. Art of some kind is as universal as these other circumstances, and is said by many to be as useful, if one can avail oneself of it. An enormous literature is at everybody's command; the theatre is open to very many; music is only a little less accessible, and in some forms is even more accessible; pictures are not so universal, but still are not uncommon; statues may be found by the earnest seeker, and here and there one sees architecture. Nobody can entirely avoid art, and nobody tries to do so. Everybody has some dealings with art. How many make it a thing of real good to them? How many are really influenced by it?

The novel is at present the most omnipresent form of literature. It is a prevalent opinion that novel-reading may have bad results. But except in one direction, few seem to imagine that novel-reading may have good results. That one direction points toward direct teaching conveyed by fiction. Without discussing the real value of novels with a purpose, we may ask, Are there many novel-readers who are aware that they may be influenced, if they choose, by the novel as literature?

There are in our country numerous literary clubs. In how many of them is literature regarded as a moulding power, and in how many is it conceived as a repository of facts? Some literary clubs make literature a much more interesting and amusing thing than it was before; some show that it will reward the earnest student with a delightful form of mental exercise; and we hope that there are some that give their members the idea that literature may, if they choose, be a matter of vital and eternal service to them.

Our colleges and universities, without exception, maintain professors of literature. Some of these professors have succeeded in making it clear that modern literature contains as many matters which may be made the subject of scholarly research as do the classics. Others have succeeded in arousing in their students a sort of high-pitched idealism which is fascinating in college, although sometimes forgotten when once out of it. Is there more than one, most unacademic of professors that

he is, whose students cannot escape from the consciousness that literature may be the breath of life to the spirit?

We think that Americans are, as a people, practical enough to make some use of literature, if they see that it can be of use in the everyday solutions of the problems of living. We think that literature is nothing to them because they have no idea of what it may be. We think it the duty of our chief literary critics to tell them the truth on this subject.

The three great English critics of our generation, Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater, John Ruskin, had each his theory on this matter, definite enough to be understood without great difficulty. Even the critics of secondary rank, John Addington Symonds, Vernon Lee, Frederic Harrison, are continually revolving the question. Being men of letters and not scientists, they do not always go about the business in the most direct and systematic manner; still, they go about it seriously in ways of their own.

It is a fault of American criticism that it has not as yet had very much to say upon the subject. But now we have two volumes by two of our best-known essayists, which at first sight would seem to deal with the matter.

It may be hypercritical to remark, first, that neither of the books does deal very fully with the matter. Mr. Warner's volume is a collection of essays named from the first essay: the others "have been selected for their general relation to the theme of the title essay, that is to say, the connection between our literary, educational, and social progress." Colonel Higginson's collection is not a collection of "Essays on Literature and Life," but of some essays on literature and other essays on life or some aspect of it.

"The Relation of Literature to Life," although we have spoken of it as a question, is really a very vague matter, and may include almost anything. Literature may be an effect of Life: so Taine regarded it. It may also be regarded as a cause, or an influence: that is the view that we have spoken of above, and that is the point Mr. Warner considers in his first essay and elsewhere. His conclusion hardly satisfies us. Literature, he points out, is wrongly regarded by the multitude as a thing apart from life (p. 19); it is really, however (p. 22), a thing of immense value to everyone. So far, there is nothing to dispute; but why is poetry, literature, art, of value to everyone? Because, says Mr. Warner, it is "not merely the comfort of the refined and

the delight of the educated; it is the alleviator of poverty, the pleasure-ground of the ignorant, the bright spot in the most dreary pilgrimage" (p. 28): it is a matter "of present enjoyment" (p. 49) or of future, its main object is to entertain (p. 151), to lift the burdens of life by taking us for a time out of our humdrum and perhaps sordid condition: it is the help and solace of the many (p. 117). This seems to be Mr. Warner's main opinion: as will be noticed, it is expressed in several places. We regard it as rather a commonplace idea; it has long been familiar, and it does not in itself settle anything. For the fact is that some people enjoy good literature and more enjoy bad literature. What is really needed is something that will show why good literature is a better solace than bad. But if art be a solace in the hardships of life, how can we be satisfied to say that the value of any genuine piece of literature is in "the enlargement of the mind to a conception of the life and development of the race" (p. 293)? Is "enlargement of the mind" necessarily "a solace" amid the hardships of life? Is it not the next step which is the step really worth while? Why not get at the real difficulty? Why content oneself with illustrating views that have already been often illustrated? We do not think that Mr. Warner solves the question when he advises that a taste for good literature be inculcated in the common schools. The trouble is that the youthful mind does not always take naturally to good literature, and the average common-school teacher is not always able to show that good literature is something really to be desired. Take it all in all, although we have only touched the central point, Mr. Warner does not do much toward making clear what part literature must have in life: what he says has been said before, and does not touch the really difficult point.

Colonel Higginson does not give us even as much help as Mr. Warner, the reason being, as we have indicated, that he has not anywhere made any effort to deal with the subject indicated by the title of his book. He has merely collected a number of his recent essays and given them a title which seemed to include them all,—as it would include almost everything else. The essays are rather like good mellow winter apples; and we have enjoyed them. We disagree with Colonel Higginson's apparent view that literature is chiefly valuable as a mine of unfamiliar quotations; but that is a minor detail. We think that everybody will

like to read the book, and that no one will gain from it many ideas on the connection between literature and life.

It is a pity, but neither of these books really addresses itself to what is an important matter, and a matter which they seem to affect to deal with. They bring us no farther on the way. They will be read with interest, and soon forgotten; for though each is the work of a man of great talent, neither is a book to be taken seriously. Being lightly written, they will be lightly read.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

RECENT POETRY.*

A shelf of somewhat ample dimensions, groaning beneath the weight of recent song, reminds us that it is several months since *THE DIAL* made its last survey of the poetical product of England and America. Of the numerous volumes that have

**THE BUILDERS, AND OTHER POEMS.* By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

FOR THE COUNTRY. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF TIMOTHY OTIS PAINE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ODES IN OHIO AND OTHER POEMS. By John James Piatt. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.

THE HEART OF LIFE. By James Buckham. Boston: Copeland & Day.

A VINTAGE OF VERSE. By Clarence Urmy. San Francisco: William Doxey.

FUGITIVE LINES. By Henry Jerome Stockard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WITH THE BAND. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Stone & Kimball.

AT THE GATES OF SONG. Sonnets by Lloyd Mifflin. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

TRUMPETS AND SHAWMS. By Henry Hanby Hay. Philadelphia: Arnold & Co.

ECHOES OF HALCYON DAYS. By Maximus A. Lesser. Hartford: T. J. Spencer.

IN TITIAN'S GARDEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Copeland & Day.

COLONIAL VERSES (Mount Vernon). By Ruth Lawrence. New York: Brentano's.

ESTABELLE, AND OTHER VERSE. By John Stuart Thomson. Toronto: William Briggs.

JOURNÉES D'AVRIL. Poésies par René de Poyen-Bellisle, Ph.D. Baltimore: Cie Friedenwald.

JUBILEE GREETING AT SPITHEAD TO THE MEN OF GREATER BRITAIN. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: John Lane.

NEW POEMS. By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland & Day.

THE YEAR OF SHAME. By William Watson. New York: John Lane.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD. By A. E. Housman. New York: John Lane.

LORD VYET, AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: John Lane.

VERSES AND SONNETS. By Hilaire Belloc. London: Ward & Downey.

BALLADS OF REVOLT. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: John Lane.

since accumulated, many must be passed over without mention, but there remain a score or more that shall receive some attention. By virtue of both its subject and its excellence, "The Builders and Other Poems," by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, is entitled to the first place in the American section of the present survey. Mr. Van Dyke can lay no claim to great distinction among the host of our minor poets, but a great occasion sometimes lifts a man above his natural height, and the sesquicentennial celebration of Princeton University proved such an occasion for this sincere and large-souled divine. The "Ode" which he recited upon that occasion is a fine example of this academic sort of composition, and has a considerable inherent value. One of its noblest passages is the following:

"Softly, my harp, and let me lay the touch
Of silence on these rudely clanging strings;
For he who sings
Even of noble conflicts overmuch,
Loses the inward sense of better things;
And he who makes a boast
Of knowledge, darkens that which counts the most,—
The insight of a wise humility
That reverently adores what none can see.
The glory of our life below
Comes not from what we do, or what we know,
But dwells forevermore in what we are.
There is an architecture grander far
Than all the fortresses of war,
More inextinguishably bright
Than learning's lonely towers of light,
Framing its walls of faith and hope and love
In deathless souls of men, it lifts above
The frailty of our earthly home
An everlasting dome;
The sanctuary of the human host,
The living triumph of the Holy Ghost."

The publication of this poem has given the author occasion also to collect some half-hundred pages of random verse, obviously written with no set purpose of becoming a poet, but merely as the expression of some insistent mood or striking phase of natural beauty. It is all very pleasing and in perfect good taste, although it never becomes particularly impressive. It is such verse as almost any cultured thinker of sincere life and high ideals may produce from time to time, and for which life is at least none the worse, either for the writer or his audience.

Mr. Gilder's new volume is entitled "For the Country," and includes poems (some old and some new) written for patriotic occasions and in memory of our great soldiers. It "is devoted to the idea of a vital nationality, and a citizenship as self-sacrificing and courageous in peace as in war." The American public knows well how unflinchingly Mr. Gilder has stood for these civic ideals, and his verse is the refined expression of a life that has been in the best sense one of service. We sometimes wish that Mr. Gilder's metres were less untamed, and that he would not try so many experiments in stanzaic form, but he always has something to say, and his voice is urged by a genuine lyrical impulse. That when far from home he is not

forgetful of his native land is evidenced by these verses from "A Winter Twilight in Provence," a poem written at the beginning of last year.

"Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcass of the slain;
And if thou smitest, let it be for peace
And justice—not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land!
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong:
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace."

It is not difficult to read between the lines of this poem dated just at the time of the amazing outburst of jingoism that seemed for a moment to threaten a fratricidal war between the two nations that, of all nations in the world, have the deepest reasons for living in amity and in the common possession of a great historical past.

The widow of the late Timothy Otis Paine has published a thin volume of selections from his poems which, by their unaffected simplicity and their closeness to the heart of nature, at once disarm criticism and make to their readers an appeal of which more elaborate verse often fails. There is something very winsome about this description of "The Evening Primrose," for example.

"The primrose blooms at eventide,
And, where I go, the highway side
It lights up with its yellow blow:
What else it does I do not know,—
Except, all day, and, until blowed,
The bud is gray, with slight perfume,
Till eve unfold a clean sweet bloom."

That keenness of observation which, as the preface tells us, "caught the reflection of a violet in the clear eyes of a grazing cow," is revealed in many a pretty versicle of this collection. We are sometimes reminded of Emily Dickinson, as in the two quatrains called "Good Work."

"Who praised when sun, moon, star,
Great earth, and sea spread far
Were made? But yet what worth
From laboring sun, sea, earth!"

"Put work enough in all
Thou doest, great or small,
And let the ages tell
How much thou didst, and well."

Still more frequent are the suggestions of Emerson, with whom the author had no slight spiritual kinship on the mystical or "transcendental" side. His life was that of a Swedenborgian minister and a scholar in the ancient tongues. The study of Solomon's Temple and the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" were to him more serious preoccupations than the phenomena of modern life could afford, and he once wrote that if he knew anything, it was "Ezekiel's heart." He was born in 1824, lived his adult life as a pastor in East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and died a year or two ago.

Mr. John James Piatt's volume of verse, mostly occasional, has for its leading features two odes,

one for the Cleveland Centennial, the other for the dedication of the Cincinnati Music Hall. We make an extract from the latter:

"Look, what high guests attend our happy rite,
With earth-woven wreaths but sphere-enchanted faces,—
The Masters of Delight!—
First he, of the elder days,
Whom the great organ owns
With its vast-bosomed, earth shaking, heaven-reaching tones
(Let the proud servant throb his loftiest praise!).
Next he, who built the mighty symphonies,
One for each ruse, who, chaunting joy and peace,
Thrills us with awe and yearning infinite,
Picturing divine repose, love's world-embracing height!
Then he, whose noblest strain
Brings Orpheus back to quicken earth again,
To conquer darkness and the dread under-powers,
Charming lost love from the deep doors of hell,
And lo, the choral master, highest in fame
(A thousand voices lift to greet him well),
Who breathes sure faith through these frail hearts of ours!
And many another well-beloved name,
Ay, many another, comes with these,
Star-like, with spherul harmonies:—
Welcome each and all,
To our festal Hall,
Long be its music-lifted dome
For their abiding souls the transient home."

Mr. Buckham's "The Heart of Life" is a volume of the tasteful "Oaten Stops" series. It is a collection of simple lyrics of nature, and of the everyday moods of life, pretty and facile, but not striking. The following is a favorable example:

"Out of the bosom of God comes the day,—
Flood of the tenderness nothing can stay;
Love that up-springing sets the world singing,
Steeple a-shine and the silver bells ringing.
Infinite motion of infinite ocean,
Light but the symbol that broadens for aye,
Out of the bosom of God comes the day."

The above remarks may be repeated in the case of Mr. Urmy's "Vintage of Verse," except that his nature-lyrics are given the local coloring of the Pacific coast. One stanza will do as well as a score.

"The sun has set, and evening skies
Begin, like rosebuds, to unfold,
While on the distant mountain-tops
Still linger faint, stray gleams of gold,
Like kisses pressed by angel lips
Or touches of God's finger-tips."

There is no offense in such verse, and likewise no strength. It is merely the echo of a great voice reflected a hundred times or more.

There is some measure of strength, albeit fitfully displayed, and some command of the deeper harmonies of rhythmical utterance in the poems modestly entitled "Fugitive Lines," by Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard. The finer qualities of his verse are displayed in the sonnets, as well as in such a lyric as "Pallida Mors," from which we quote a stanza.

"For thou dost come a friend,
Or if thou shudder in with cerements stole,
Or sweep swart as a Memphian King, or bend
An angel fair as Titian e'er did feign,—
For thou dost come a friend, since thou wilt hold
Nepenthe for life's pain
Unto my lips, and round me fold,
Like some rich garment, peace that shall not end,
While days and months and years be onward rolled."

Mr. Robert W. Chambers has written some rollicking songs "With the Band," so suggestive of Mr. Kipling's barrack-room echoes that the reader did not need to be reminded of the source of inspiration by a piece directly inscribed to the English poet. Since this piece is one of the best in the volume, we must quote from it.

"May that blessed day come early,
Tommy A.,
When the British nation learns
That it's silly to be surly.
Not a Boy in Blue but yearns,
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.,
For the good old family fashion,—
Arm in arm, for all in age;
And if others want a thrashin',
Why we'd never say 'em nay;—
With our helmets on our head,
An' our tunics, blue or red,
An' our jolly bugles playin'
All the way from New York bay to Bombay!—
So—
Go it! you are game.
Tommy A.,
Tommy A.,
For our pride is in your fame,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Drink a health, my lad, to you,
An' they'll cheer you from Bombay to Mandelay,
Tommy A.
Half a million Boys in Blue
Stand to back you through and through,
An' perhaps they'll prove it too,
If there ever comes a day
When a brother needs a brother for to help him on his way,
Anywhere betwixt Berlin an' Mandelay,
Tommy A."

Other pieces are more suggestive of Mr. Bret Harte (from whom Mr. Kipling himself really derives), and the famous ballad of the "Heathen Chinee" is provided with a not unworthy counterpart in the tale of "A Man from New York," who was about as guileless as Ah Sin.

"Sa-ay,
He said that he did n't know poker,
An' he swore that he did n't drink rum;
Which, stranger, I'll state I'm no soaker,—
Leastways, I'm no all-around-bum.
An' he said that he did n't like ladies,
Yet I seen him smile twice at my Anne;
He was young—so he said—and afraid his
Simplicity shocked me!—Oh, damn!
An' he feared some nefarious man
Might play him a game of flim-flam,
If he pushed the door,
An' walked on the floor,
Where the wicked men rush the can."

The rest of this moving tale may easily be imagined. We should like to quote from "The Texas Rangers," which is in the same vein, but space forbids. "The Visit to West Point" gives a barrack-room view of the meddlesome legislator much like the inside views of Parliamentary commissions which Mr. Kipling has given us with such telling effect. A second section of this volume is more serious, and has touches of an art not unlike Mr. Dobson's. Its prevailing note, however, is less restrained, being well illustrated by the stanzas entitled "The Worm Turns."

"While I'm tugging my mustache,
Leaning on the window-sash,
In the garden, you, below,
Dressed in ribbon, lace, and bow,
Promenade,—six men in tow.

"Men who hang upon your lips,
Bend above your finger-tips;
Each his humble tribute pays,
Lifts to you his ardent gaze,
Turning your small head with praise.

"You are pleased to treat with scorn
Men, as though beneath you born.
You believe it when we say:
'Man is born but to obey!
You are made of finer clay.'

"'Man is built from common dirt,
Scarcely fit to touch your skirt!
Woman is his better half,
Better angel!—queen!—his staff!'—
Pray excuse me while I laugh.

"If we call you 'angel,' 'queen,'
Take it simply that we mean
WE are KINGS! Oh, don't you know,
You're not really angels though,
Till Saint Peter tells you so?"

"At the Gates of Song," by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, is a collection of one hundred and fifty sonnets, selected, so the author tells us, from about twice that number. Mr. Mifflin is evidently a facile versifier, for the present volume is accompanied by a notice of three other books of poems "now in course of publication." Although these sonnets bear a modest title, it is evident that their author takes himself very seriously. He presents the public with his portrait as well as his poems, and, after remarking upon the difficulties of the sonnet-form, adds that "he is proud in the consciousness that if he has added nothing to the lustre of that narrow and intricate domain of literature, at least he has not tarnished it with anything indecorous and unseemly." Both of the foregoing claims may well enough be allowed, for the sonnets (except for an occasional liberty taken of set purpose with the structure) are conspicuously correct in form, well-balanced, smooth-sounding, and each the expression of a definite thought. But with all this technical correctness, they are somehow lacking in the power to thrill or even deeply to stir the reader. A good typical example is "Build Thou Thy Temples."

"Reward lies in the work, not in the eye
Nor voice of critic. Whether in the mart,
Or on the Heliconian hills apart,
Toil at thy temples builded in the sky.
Dreams are, in sooth, the only verity.
The world with scorn may lacerate thy heart—
Insult with praise too late. . . . Delve at thine Art:
Beauty shall never unremembered die.

"The sculptor, unillustrious and alone,
Pent in the still seclusion of his room,
Carves, through the vexed vicissitude of years,
Some marvel in Carrara, but the stone
Men heed not till it stand above his tomb—
The cold commemoration of his tears."

One may find no fault with such work as this. It is truly noble in sentiment, and excellently put. Only—and this is the feeling with which we have read Mr. Mifflin's work throughout—it lacks the

imaginative vision; its ideas have long been stereotyped; and its phrasing rarely escapes from the conventional mould.

Mr. Henry Hanby Hay, whose "Created Gold," published some time ago, we were able to greet with a qualified kind of praise, now approaches the public with a new volume, "Trumpets and Shawms." Trumpets we know, but we are a little uncertain about shawms. The author calls them "dulcet," and compares them with gentle bells and tinkling rills. We have not found much that is dulcet in the volume, but the blaring quality is very evident. Mr. Hay is a Manxman, it seems, and has persuaded that other Manxman, Mr. Hall Caine, to write an introduction for the volume. We are told that the poet "has given us the very color and scent of our lovely and beloved little island." A judgment passed by so competent an authority must be allowed, although the Manx influence is less noticeable than the influence of the man Robert Browning, who has evidently been Mr. Hay's model. Sometimes he succeeds in giving us a very fair imitation of the sort of dramatic idyl or monologue that Browning produced so readily. "The Court Awards It," being Shylock's soliloquy the day after the trial, is a case in point.

"Oh, dog! the opportunity was thine
To face the crowd, which, though it hated, feared;
And take the guilty flesh with even hand,
And show their justice what their justice is!
Wail not for that, but rather tell thyself
The cavilling court had birthed one evil more,
A hundred hands had plucked away thy steel;
Thou might'st not. Never Jew found Christian just.
Oh, had I dared to dash the court aside,
Under the fifth rib strike, and end it all!
And do as they do,—say the man was cursed,
And then proceed to execute the curse."

Mr. Hay's qualities, and their defects, may be well illustrated by the closing lines of "A Vestal." The climax of the gladiatorial combat has been reached, and,

"Dread stillness the horror entrances,
All pause for the signal of death,
While a Vestal, with dead, pallid glances
Looks down and indraws her calm breath:
Death broods o'er the ebony ocean,
Men gazing and fearing, but dumb;
Till the Vestal, sans warmth or emotion,
Points down to the earth with her thumb.
All are gone (and the carcass is somewhere),
The Caesar to revel and shame,
While the Virgin, slow pallid and dumb fair,
Preserves the perpetual flame."

Mr. Lesser's "Echoes of Halcyon Days," we learn, date from ten or more years ago, when the author, too, dwelt in Arcadia. Their belated publication is influenced "partly by the promptings of perhaps over-zealous friends, partly by the author's parental desire to congregate the mental offspring of a period antedating his embarkation on the 'bubble, toil, and trouble' of a professional career." That career, he takes pains to inform us, has borne "literary fruit in the form of a treatise on 'The Historical Development of the Jury System.'" We

do not know that treatise, but we trust that it is lucid and worthy of its high theme. The "Echoes," however, have been wafted to our ears, and the author's confession of "long addiction to the philosophy of stoicism" emboldens us to say that they are not remarkable. We quote from the touching and tragic tale of "Lucian and Lydia."

"As his blood was ebbing fast and faster,
Lucian oped his glazing eyes once more,
Turned a mute curse on the cruel master
Angels to the seat of judgment bore:—
Then one long look on his loving maiden—
Of eternal hope that one look said:
And his soul, of earthly woes unladen,
From his mangled body upward fled."

If any more "echoes of halcyon days" yet linger in Mr. Lesser's memory, we trust that he will suppress them. The law is an excellent profession, and, without knowing anything of Mr. Lesser's professional career, we have no hesitation in saying that his chances of shining as a legal luminary are considerably greater than his chances of success in wooing the fickle muse.

We get back into the domain of true poetry when we turn to the exquisite volume which bears the honored name of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. Here is imagination and to spare; here also are chastened thought and melodious utterance. We should like to quote at length from the varied contents of this collection, but must remain content with a single sonnet.

"When in the dark of some despairing dream
Sorrow has all her will with me, and ease
Is full forgotten, through her dear degrees
Steals Music, beckoning with a hand supreme
For me to follow. Straight I see the gleam
Where the winds dip them in the far bright seas
That roll and break about the Hebrides,
See white wings flash and hear the sea-birds scream.
"Or it may be in palace gardens falls
The moonlight on white roses, where the swell
Of one great lover's heart in passion calls
To deeps in other hearts. And, listening, well
I know, while sink my slow dissolving walls,
So Music lured Eurydice from hell."

This poem is peculiarly typical of Mrs. Spofford's work, because it is one of several that show her to be no stranger to the message that music bears to the soul. Her apprehension of the divinest of the arts is something deeper than the merely conventional appreciation of most poets. They use musical terminology as a rhetorical adornment merely; the present writer seeks to give it a real verbal interpretation.

Miss Ruth Lawrence's sheaf of "Colonial Verses" consists of short poems written to accompany a series of photographs taken at Mount Vernon. The verses are correct and pretty, embodying a graceful sentiment, but in no way remarkable. "Beneath the Trees" is a good example.

"Beneath the trees at even-glow
I wander, meditative, slow,
Where courtiers brave with gold and lace
Befitting well the stately place,
Once gayly sauntered to and fro.

"On velvet turf by green hedge-row
I picture statesman, scholar, bean,
And dainty damsel fair of face,
Beneath the trees.

"The rays upon the dial show
How swift the deepening shadows grow.
The noble fathers of our race
Are gone, with all their wit and grace,
They laid their ashes long ago
Beneath the trees."

In Mr. John Stuart Thomson, we must welcome a worthy accession to the growing choir of Canadian singers. His "Estabelle and Other Verse" is a noteworthy production, and gives him an undoubted right to a place in the group of poets headed by Professor Roberts, Mr. Lampmann, and Mr. W. W. Campbell. Our extract may be no more than a single stanza—the closing one—from the long and beautiful "Ode Written in Autumn."

"Strange suns begin to light the shorter days;
The Indian summer and the harvest moon
Give way before the banks of purple haze;
Cicadas pipe at eve their shrilly tune,
Bucolics of the melancholy time;—
The mower now surveys the low-laid grain,
And picks a last belated berry red;
The corn-ribs' shadows lengthen on the plain;
Soft on the breeze I hear a distant chime
Tolling a requiem for th' untimely dead."

It is remarkable how close to the heart of nature these young Canadian poets contrive to keep. They have the faculty of observation—minute, accurate, and at the same time sympathetic—in a degree quite extraordinary even to-day, and almost unknown in English poetry before Tennyson opened our eyes. Mr. Thomson's poems are nearly all lyrics of nature, and many of them strike a note of pure and singular beauty.

By way of interlude between the American and the English section of this survey, we may at this point say a word about a modest booklet of French verse, written by M. René de Poyen-Bellisle, of the University of Chicago, and entitled "Journées d'Avril."

"Je n'écris plus de vers,"

says the author,

"Ce sont mes péchés de jeunesse,
Que pour rechauffer mes hivers
En vieux grandpère je caresse."

We take the liberty of doubting the exact truth of this observation, and hope to read many more verses by M. de Poyen-Bellisle before he reaches grandfatherly years. There are some charming things in the present collection, cameos in the manner of Gautier, musings in the manner of Musset, and sonnets of skilful construction. One of the shorter pieces is this "Enigme."

"Il avait épuisé tout le possible humain;
Les Empires s'étaient ébranlés sous sa main,
L'Art s'était enrichi de ses efforts utiles;
Grâce à lui les déserts étaient beaux et fertiles;
Mais il restait toujours petit et mécontent;
Et sans pouvoir trouver, cherchait; nombre, haletant!
— Puis un jour il comprit! et courbant bas la tête,
Joyeux il murmura: 'Ta volonté soit faite!'"

One of the best things to be found in this volume is

the really remarkable translation of Shakespeare's "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." The closing verses are as follows:

"Soudain je pense à toi; tout rit dans ma pensée
Et comme l'alonette au ciel bleu s'élançant
Chante un hymne d'amour avec le jour naissant;
J'ai bientôt oublié ma misère passée,
C'est que, je t'aime tant, que quand je pense à toi
Je ne changerai pas mon sort avec un roi!"

Of all the verse evoked by the jubilee of Queen Victoria, Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" has made the deepest impression, and best deserves to be long remembered. Probably next in importance to that noble poem is the "Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain," written by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. This work, albeit only a thin pamphlet, is also noteworthy as being the first publication of its author in anything that may be called book form. The foremost of living English critics, and one of the most notable of living English poets, Mr. Watts-Dunton has thus far been content with the suffrages of the few who have found him out, who have learned to detect his personality in unsigned pages of "The Athenæum," or who have treasured up in scrap-book his furtively-appearing sonnets. A volume of his "Poems" has now been promised us for more than two years past, but we shall not believe in it until it actually lies upon our table. The "Jubilee Greeting" now published is a poem in twenty-two stanzas, one of which we have selected, not without difficulty, as representative of the whole.

"They fought with England long ago;
They strove with her whose gate the billows keep;
On Channel chalk they sleep below —
In caverns of the great North Sea they sleep.
'Thus soldier, priest, and mariner,'
He said, — our guardian angel said, — 'shall perish;
My deeps have still a sepulchre
For all whom envy or hate shall stir
To strike across them — strike at England, her
The billows cherish.'"

The grave austere note of the above excerpt characterizes this fine poem throughout. The work is fittingly dedicated "to our great contemporary writer of patriotic poetry, Algernon Charles Swinburne."

Mr. Francis Thompson's volume of "New Poems" is, like its two predecessors, a very Klondike for the gold-hunters of song, and its treasures are almost as difficult of access. The public is fairly well informed by this time of Mr. Thompson's distressing mannerisms, verbal perversities, and wanton obscurities of thought. It knows also that whoever is prepared to brave hardships in the quest of beauty may often find it, imbedded nugget-like in the rough matrix of Mr. Thompson's verse. Here, for example, is treasure-trove such as shall reward the diligent seeker.

"Happiness is the shadow of things past,
Which fools still take for that which is to be!
And not all foolishly:
For all the past, read true, is prophecy.
And all the firsts are hauntings of some Last,

And all the springs are flash-lights of one Spring.
Then leaf, and flower, and fallow fruit
Shall hang together on the unyellowing bough;
And silence shall be Music mute
For her surcharged heart."

But to reach this passage he must make his way through a "disinct nature," and over "coerule pampas of the heavens," where "reel the swift spheres intemperably," besides witnessing many other strange sights and sounds.

Mr. Watson's "The Year of Shame" has been on our shelves so long that it has lost something of its timeliness. It consists mainly of sonnets on the Armenian question, including those previously published in "The Purple East." The Bishop of Hereford contributes an introduction, in which he assures us that "it is the spirit of Isaiah that is represented in this book of poems." This is flattering to Mr. Watson, if not to the prophet. But the poet has suffered before this from the praises of his injudicious admirers. There is real fire in his work, although it blazes up with too furious a rhetoric to produce the deepest impression. For example, he calls the Sultan "Abdul the Damned." Most poets would have let it go at that, but Mr. Watson's wrath is unsatisfied, and he continues:

"In a world where cruel deeds abound,
The merely damned are legion: with such souls
Is not each hollow and cranny of Tophet crammed?
Thou with the brightest of hell's aureoles
Dost shine supreme, incomparably crowned,
Immortally, beyond all mortals, damned."

This is the mere impotence of wrath. Compare these "Diræ" with those of Mr. Swinburne, for example, and one gets the difference between froth and freshet, between fire and flame. "So soon is dead indifference come?" asks Mr. Watson. Yes, and with indifference to the theme of his outpourings a greatly abated interest in the sonnets themselves. Vehemence is one thing, and deep-seated indignation another. Mr. Watson may have had the latter, but he has put only the former into his verse. He has written neither Swinburnian "Diræ" nor "Châtiments" after the manner of Hugo, but merely a set of turgid and overwrought sonnets. We should not speak so severely were Mr. Watson a poet of less pretensions, but he has been so clamorously belauded that it becomes the evident duty of criticism to speak the exact truth about his work. He must be measured by higher standards than those usually set for minor poets, since comparison with the greatest has been challenged, if not by him, at least for him by his friends and admirers.

"A Shropshire Lad," by Mr. A. E. Housman, is a collection of short poems, extremely simple in diction, which strike a thin but pure lyric note. Here is one of them:

"From far, from eve and morning
And you twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.

"Now — for a breath I tarry
Nor yet disperse apart,
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart.
"Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way."

Almost equally simple, but now more animated, now informed with a deeper passion, are the poems contained in Mr. A. C. Benson's new volume. Here the author shall be his own critic, and a part of his "Envoi" at once illustrate and describe his verse.

"I cannot sing as sings the nightingale
Frenzied with rapture, big with rich delight,
Till lovers lean together, passion-pale,
And chide the awestruck silence of the night.
"I cannot sing as sings the brooding dove,
At windless noon, in her high towers of green,
A song of deep content, untroubled love,
With many a meditative pause between.
"But I can sing as sings the prudent bee,
As hour by patient hour he goes and comes,
Bearing the golden dust from tree to tree,
Labours in hope, and as he labours, hums."

Mr. Benson's poetry is very genuine, and impresses the reader with its sincerity and artistic restraint.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Verses and Sonnets" are by turns quaint, musical, and passionate. The sonnets exhibit his best work, although some of them take great liberties with the form. We quote the sestet from "The Poor of London," an invocation to the justice of God.

"The Poor of Jesus Christ whom no man hears
Have called upon your vengeance much too long.
Wipe out not tears but blood — our eyes bleed tears:
Come, smite our damned sophistries so strong,
That thy rude hammer battering this rude wrong
Ring down the abyss of twice ten thousand years."

Mr. J. S. Fletcher's "Ballads of Revolt" are six in number, and make up a very small book indeed. They mark with deep irony the contrast between what life really is and what the idealist would have it to be, between the mechanical observance of religion and its innermost spirit. Perhaps the most impressive of the ballads is "The Scapegoat," which has for its theme the life of Christ.

"Then woke the world with sudden stir,
(Whence came this power our hearts to draw?
Call ye this man a carpenter?
He is a God!) they cried in awe.

"Ah me, it was no god they hailed,
No arbiter of life and death,
But a poor man who dared and failed,
A carpenter of Nazareth.

"Failed? Aye, for still the nations bend
To their false gods a servile knee,
And still the scapegoat finds his end
On the dark heights of Calvary.

"But here and there upon the sun
Some man still fixes dauntless eyes,
And says 'Amen! It is begun;
Let the new life in me arise!'"

The similarity of this work to that of Mr. John Davidson is obvious, and it may be said that Mr. Fletcher does not suffer in the comparison.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*An Englishman's
instructive studies
of America.*

We have read Mr. G. W. Stevens's little book entitled "The Land of the Dollar" (Dodd) with pleasure and, we trust, some profit. The author is a wide-awake, open-minded Englishman who visited our shores during the progress of the recent presidential campaign, and his book is a reprint of letters written by him while on the wing through the States, to the London "Daily Mail." The mental attitude of the average English traveller to America is one of amused curiosity. He comes to America predisposed first of all to laugh; and he usually laughs his fill — at least so long as he remains on this side of the line that divides us from Canada. Mr. Stevens brought to our shores an abundant stock of curiosity, and a sense of humor by no means deficient. But as a traveller he is not primarily the man who laughs. His liking for "Max O'Rell" is evident; but he can hardly be said to have taken the Frenchman as his model. He came to this country chiefly to study us at close range during the bustle of an exciting political campaign. To this end he attended conventions, large and small, local and general; he watched miles upon miles of political parades, and endured hours upon hours of political oratory; he heard both candidates speak; he saw the arrival at Canton of one of those astonishing "delegations" — this time one from Portage County, "the finest county in the country," as Mr. McKinley took care to point out with great force in his address; he witnessed the placarding of the returns, and the subsequent frenzied jubilation of the victors. Mr. Stevens describes all this with some humor, but with an ever-present sense of the real gravity and dignity of the main situation. He endeavors to outline clearly for the benefit of his English readers the trend of the looming political, social, and economical issues which must from now on, even at the best of times, haunt the consciousness of the people of this country, and which it only needs a period of "hard times" like the one now waning to bring to light with startling distinctness. "Good times" are now setting in; and we shall probably go on in the old way for another decade or so making hay prosperously while the sun shines and taking little or no thought for the morrow. But "hard times" will recur; discontent will recur; the cry for change will recur. There will again be (who can doubt it?) the ominous confrontation at the polls of candidates representing respectively the class whose interest it is to conserve, and the class whose only seeming chance of salvation it is to pull down. The crisis may again be tided over; but, speaking in the light of current indications, one may fairly say that he would be an optimistic prophet indeed who should predict that it will be averted or its asperities softened by the wise anticipatory reforms and concessions of those now in a position to make them. Mr. Stevens is no such prophet, nor indeed does he venture much into

direct vaticination. His view of our national future is not on the whole a sombre one—that is, of our ultimate future. If there are storms ahead for us, they will at least purify the air. Growing class antagonisms, and a widespread conviction that to get dollars is the one end of life—these, Mr. Steevens concludes, are the twin sources of our national peril. The lighter topics usually touched upon by the tourist are not neglected in the volume, which is, all in all, much the best of its kind that has come to our notice of late.

Sophia V. Bompiani's brief "History of the Waldenses" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) is an excellent essay upon the characteristics, chief personages, and events in the history of that most ancient body of religious reformers whose descendants to-day occupy a small part, not more than three hundred square miles, of the Cottian Alps. Historians have usually ascribed the organization and faith of the Waldenses to Peter Waldo, a distinguished preacher of the twelfth century, but the author accepts rather the traditions of the people themselves, quoting many authorities in support of a much earlier origin. It is shown that when the Paulicians of Armenia, fleeing from the persecutions of the eastern emperors, emigrated to France in the eighth century, and there established the sect known as the Albigenses, they found in the Waldenses, just across the Italian border, a people of similar religious beliefs. The traditions of the Waldenses assert that they were driven from southern Italy, in the time of the second and third centuries, to the Alpine valleys, where they have since lived. About one-third of the book is devoted to this contention for the antiquity of the people, while the remainder, written with unflinching interest, treats of their innumerable persecutions by the Papacy, their ministers, their heroes, their martyrs, and their final attainment of religious freedom in 1848.

Books on Dickens and his works.

In "The Novels of Charles Dickens," recently issued in the "Book-Lover's Library" (Armstrong), Mr. Frederic G. Kitton has collected a fund of interesting and valuable information concerning the works of a writer whose wonderful popularity seems ever on the increase. The growth and development of each of the great novels, the circumstances under which it was produced, the terms of publication, facts relating to the illustrators and to famous prototypes of characters in the novels, present whereabouts of the original MSS., present value of first editions,—all this and much more is here set forth in a fresh and entertaining way. The work is interesting alike to the book-collector and to the lover of Dickens, and forms a welcome addition to Mr. Kitton's numerous volumes of Dickensiana.—"My Father as I Recall Him," by Miss Mamie Dickens (Westminster, England: The Roxburghe Press), is a simple

and unpretentious account of the home life of the great novelist, written by his youngest daughter. No attempt is made at an elaborate or connected biography, and little that is not already known may be found in the volume. But these few slight sketches give us such a charming and intimate picture of Dickens the man that the lover of his works who does not read the little book will have missed a distinct pleasure.

A manual of our common wild flowers.

To those who wish to become acquainted with our common flowers by an easier method than that presented in the ordinary text books of botany, the volume by Mrs. Caroline A. Creevy, entitled "Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp" (Harpers), may be cordially commended. The author is an adept in the science she illustrates, and while devising a simple way by which lovers of wild flowers may learn their names and relationships, she has not neglected to dignify her work with an array of curious and well-digested information. The plants are classed in groups according to their habitat in low meadows, dry fields, cool woods, or in and near the water. About a thousand species belonging to the Atlantic States from New England to Florida, and for the most part to the Middle States also, are described. The volume is a pleasant supplement to the manuals of Grey, Bessey, and others of their rank.

Roadside sketches with pen and pencil.

Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews's "Familiar Features of the Roadside" (Appleton) is a volume made doubly attractive by its wealth of illustrations, the work of the author's clever hand. The chapters describe the varied wild life to be met with in tramps along a country road, including flowers, birds, insects, and amphibians. The author appears to be interested in the different tribes alike, and to be equally appreciative of their respective traits. In treating the birds, he makes an attempt to reduce their songs within the limits of our musical scale. Such attempts are interesting, but as a rule not entirely satisfactory. As each bird has some peculiar fashion in the delivery of his song, so each listener seems to have a peculiar experience in hearing it. For example, on page 119 Mr. Mathews states that the phoebe's strain comprises only two notes, and he writes them with a falling inflection. Every phoebe which we have ever heard lisped his several notes with both rising and falling inflection, and his song is so described by most authorities.

The Dungeons of Old Paris.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has given us, in a presentably made volume of 265 pages, a rather interesting account, interspersed with more or less familiar historical episodes in point, of "The Dungeons of Old Paris" (Putnam). His endeavor has been to restore to such storied edifices as the Prison d'Etat, the Conciergerie, the Maison de Justice, etc., their special and distinctive character at the most import-

ant dates in their respective careers, and thus to bring home to the reader the full force and significance of the old French proverb, "*Triste comme les portes d'une prison.*" The author seems to be somewhat of an enthusiast on his dismal subject — an amateur of historic prisons, as it were; and he goes into the harrowing details of the architecture of his favorite edifices with evident zest and no little learning. "I have undone," he assures us, "the bolts of nearly all the more celebrated prisons of historic Paris, few of which are standing at this day." Vincennes, the Temple, the Conciergerie, the Abbaye, Sainte-Pelagie, the Bastille — these are certainly names around which cluster memories of dramatic scenes and striking figures. Of the narrative and romantic possibilities of his theme Mr. Hopkins makes fair use. The book is liberally sprinkled with illustrations, some of them after curious old plates.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The seventh edition of Mr. George Haven Putnam's "Authors and Publishers" presents a revised text and considerable additional material. For those not already familiar with this useful book, we quote from the title-page a description of the contents of this "manual of suggestions for beginners in literature." The work comprises, in brief, "a description of publishing methods and arrangements, directions for the preparation of MSS. for the press, explanations of the details of book-manufacturing, instructions for proof-reading, specimens of typography, the text of the United States copyright law, and information concerning international copyrights, together with general hints for authors." This handsomely printed volume is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Among the many attractive editions of standard English literature published this season by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., we note with particular approval the reprints of Matthew Arnold's poems and Browning's "The Ring and the Book." The Arnold volume includes a number of early poems hitherto uncollected, and has an introduction by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole. But why, oh why, does Mr. Dole say that Arnold condemned the American people as a race that knew not Obermann, "as a knowledge of Obermann was in his eyes a test of civilization"? The special features of the Browning volume are the biography, introduction, and explanatory notes contributed by the editors, Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke, whose zeal for their chosen poet is well known to readers of "Poet-Lore," and whose fitness for the present task no one may question.

"The Works of François Rabelais," in the famous old translation of Urquhart and Motteux, are republished in a tasteful five-volume edition by Messrs. Gibbings & Co. of London. The J. B. Lippincott Co. are the American agents for this work. Mr. Alfred Wallis has revised the text and provided an introduction, and the volumes are charmingly illustrated by photogravure reproductions of the plates in Picart's Amsterdam edition of 1741.

LITERARY NOTES.

Gautier's ever-delightful "Captain Fracasse," translated by Miss Ellen Murray Beam, is published in an attractive illustrated edition by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Henri Pène du Bois has made a translation of Prosper Mérimée's "Letters to an Unknown," and the work is published by the Messrs. Brentano in very tasteful and pleasing form.

The 1897 volume of "The Pageant," a literary and art annual, will be published shortly by Mr. M. F. Mansfield of New York, and will contain contributions from many of the best-known writers and artists of the day.

A translation of Diderot's immortal "Rameau's Nephew," made by Miss Sylvia Margaret Hill, is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. The translation is from the autographic text of the author, undiscovered until 1890.

A new edition of the Waverley novels, in forty-eight volumes, and similar in form and make-up to the popular "Temple Classics," will be published in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, in connection with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. of London.

"Clever Tales," selected and edited by Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke, is a volume of translations from Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Strindberg, Halévy, Garshin, Kielland, and Arbes, most if not all of the tales having previously appeared in "Poet-Lore." Messrs. Copeland & Day are the publishers.

"A Manual of Physical Drill," by Lieut. Edmund L. Butts, is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The object of the work is to systematize physical training in the army, and to furnish a practical guide that will enable any officer to give regular and beneficial instruction to his command. The volume is well illustrated with reproductions of photographs.

The Doubleday & McClure Co., a new publishing firm, have sent us some interesting announcements which reached us too late for inclusion in the "List of Fall Announcements" in our last issue. Among the titles on their list may be mentioned Mark Twain's new book, "Following the Equator"; "The Open Boat, and Other Tales of Adventure," by Mr. Stephen Crane; an eighteen-volume edition of Shakespeare, edited by Prof. Henry Morley; "Tales from McClure's," in three volumes; "Bird Neighbors," with fifty colored illustrations; a volume by Colonel Waring, of the New York street-cleaning department; and a half-dozen other equally interesting books.

Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, who died on the 10th of September, was best known to the world as the editor of the "Spectator." His personality was so merged in that review that he found little opportunity for outside literary work, and the list of his books is a brief one, including only the "Scott" in the "English Men of Letters" and a few volumes of miscellaneous essays in criticism. He was a strong and serious writer (if anything over-serious), and the chief bent of his mind was in the direction of religious and philosophical problems. His temper was conservative, the concessions to liberalism that he could not help making in this age of the world were made grudgingly, and he did not always display the candor that we had the right to expect of a writer occupying his position. His best critical writing is probably to be found in his essays on Arnold and Newman.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

In continuation of our Announcement List of Fall Books, in the last issue of THE DIAL, we give the following List of forthcoming Books for the Young.

Will Shakespeare's Little Lad, by Imogen Clark, illus., \$1.50.—Child Poems, by Eugene Field, with introduction by Kenneth Grahame, illus. by Charles Robinson, \$1.50.—The Stevenson Song Book, verses by Robert Louis Stevenson, music by various composers, \$2.—New uniform edition of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's stories for children, 5 vols., illus., per vol., \$1.25.—An Old-Field School Girl, by Marion Harland, illus., \$1.25.—The Knights of the Round Table, by W. H. Frost, illus., \$1.50.—Heroes of our Navy, by Molly Elliot Seawell, illus.—With Crockett and Bowie, a tale of Texas, by Kirk Munroe, illus., \$1.25.—The Last Cruise of the Mokaw, by W. J. Henderson, illus., \$1.25.—New books by G. A. Henry: With Frederick the Great, a tale of the Seven Years' War; A March on London, a story of Wat Tyler's rising; and With Moore at Corunna, a story of the Peninsula War; each illus., \$1.50.—Lords of the World, a story of the fall of Carthage and Corinth, by Alfred J. Church, illus., \$1.50.—The Golden Galleon, a story of Queen Elizabeth's times, by Robert Leighton, illus., \$1.50.—Adventures in Toyland, by Edith King Hall, illus. in colors, etc., \$2.—The King of the Bromes, and other tales of New Mexico, by Charles F. Lummis, illus., \$1.25.—The Border Wars of New England, by Samuel Adams Drake, illus., \$1.50. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Aaron in the Wildwoods, by Joel Chandler Harris, illus., \$2.—The Young Mountaineers, by Charles Egbert Craddock, illus., \$1.50.—Being a Boy, by Charles Dudley Warner, new edition, with introduction and illustrations by Clifton Johnson, \$2.—Stories and Sketches for the Young, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, new holiday edition, \$1.50.—Little Folk Lyrics, by Frank Dempster Sherman, new enlarged edition, illus.—The Revolt of a Daughter, by Ellen Olney Kirk, \$1.25.—An Unwilling Maid, by Jeanie Gould Lincoln, \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Elsie Dinmore, by Martha Finley, new edition, illus. by H. C. Christy, \$1.50.—Elsie at Home, by Martha Finley, \$1.25.—The Children's Christmas Book, by Beatrice Haraden, illus., \$1.50.—The Adventures of Mabel, by Rafford Fyke, illus., \$1.75.—Naval History of the United States, by Willis J. Abbot, illus., \$3.75.—Children at Sherburne House, by Amanda M. Douglas, \$1.50.—Nan, by Amanda M. Douglas, illus., \$1.50.—Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, new illustrated edition, \$1.50.—Witch Winnie in Venice, by Elizabeth W. Champney, illus., \$1.50.—The Missing Prince, by G. E. Farrow, illus., \$1.50.—Pierre and his Poodle, by Elizabeth W. Champney, illus., \$1.—Derick, by Barbara Yecheon, \$1.50.—Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, new edition, illus., \$2.—Brownie, a story told from a child's point of view, illus., \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Pink Fairy Book, edited by Andrew Lang, illus., \$2.—The Vege-Men's Revenge, words by Bertha Upton, pictures in colors by Florence K. Upton, \$2.—The Professor's Children, by Edith H. Fowler, illus.—Here They Are! more stories, written and illus. by James F. Sullivan.—The Adventures of Three Bold Babes, a story in pictures, printed in colors, \$1.50. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

Century Book of the American Revolution, by Elbridge S. Brooks, with preface by Chauncey M. Depew, illus., \$1.60.—Joan of Arc, by M. Boutet de Monvel, illus. in colors by the author, \$3.—Master Skylark, by John Bennett, illus., \$1.50.—The Last Three Soldiers, by William H. Shelton, illus., \$1.50.—Fighting a Fire, by Charles Thaxter Hill, illus., \$1.50.—Miss Nina Barrow, by Frances Courtney Baylor, with frontispiece, \$1.25.—A New Baby World, edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, illus., \$1.50.—Bound volumes of St. Nicholas for 1897, 2 vols., illus., \$4. (Century Co.)

Boyhood of Famous Authors, by William H. Rideing, new revised edition, \$1.25.—The King of the Park, by Marshall Saunders, illus., \$1.25.—Sunshine Library for Young People, new vols.: The Gold Thread, by Norman McLeod, D.D.; and The Wreck of the Circus, by James Otis; each illus., 50 cts.—Children's Favorite Classics, new vols.: Anderson's Fairy Tales; Rollo at Work, by Jacob Abbott; Rollo at Play, by Jacob Abbott; and Tanglewood Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; illus. in colors, etc., per vol., \$1. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

Camp and Trail, a story of the Maine woods, by Isabel Hornibrook, illus., \$1.50.—The Ready Rangers, a story of bicycles, boats, and boys, by Kirk Munroe, illus., \$1.25.—Modern Fairyland, by Eley Burnham, illus., \$1.25.—Phronsis Pepper, the last of the "Five Little Peppers," by Margaret Sidney, illus., \$1.50.—The True Story of U. S. Grant, the American soldier, by Elbridge S. Brooks, illus., \$1.50.—His First Charge, by Faye Huntington, illus., \$1.25.—Once Upon a Time, and other child verses, by Mary E. Wilkins, illus., \$1.—Overruled, by Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), illus., \$1.50.—The Great Island, or Cast away on New Guinea, by Willis Boyd Allen, illus., 75 cts.—Tom Pickering of 'Scutney, his experiences and perplexities, by Sophie Swett, illus., \$1.25. (Lothrop Pub'g Co.)

True to his Home, by Hezekiah Butterworth, illus., \$1.50.—Commodore Bainbridge, by James Barnes, illus., \$1.50.—The Red Patriot, by W. O. Stoddard, illus., \$1.50.—The Exploits of Myles Standish, by Henry Johnson, illus., \$1.50.—Home-Reading Books, new vols.: Curious Homes and their Tenants, by J. Carter Beard; Harold's Discoveries, by J. F. Trower; The Hall of Shells, by A. S. Hardy; Crusoe's Island, by F. A. Ober; Uncle Sam's Secrets, by O. P. Austin; and Uncle Robert's Visit, by Nellie L. Helm and Francis W. Parker; each illus., per vol., 65 cts. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Three Operettas, by H. C. Bunner, music by Oscar Weil, illus., \$2.50.—The Painted Desert, a story of northern Arizona, by Kirk Munroe, illus., \$1.25.—The Rock of the Lion, by Molly Elliot Seawell, illus.—School-Boy Life in England, by John Corbin, illus.—Alan Ramsford, by Ellen Douglas Deland, illus. (Harper & Bros.)

Three Pretty Maids, by Amy E. Blanchard, illus., \$1.25.—Meg Langholme, by Mrs. Molesworth, illus., \$1.25.—The Lost Gold of the Montezumas, by W. O. Stoddard, illus., \$1.50.—The Flame Flower, and other stories, written and illus. by Jas. F. Sullivan, \$1.50.—A New Alice in the Old Wonderland, by A. M. Richards, Sr., new edition, illus., \$1.—Fag to Monitor, by Andrew Home, illus., \$1.25.—Rover's Quest, by Hugh St. Leger, illus., \$1.25.—Hunted through Fiji, \$1.25. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

A Norway Summer, by Laura D. Nichols, illus., \$1.25.—The Golden Crocodile, a story of mining life, by F. Mortimer Trimmer, \$1.50.—The Young Puritans of Old Hadley, by Mary P. Wells Smith, \$1.25.—The Little Red Schoolhouse, by Evelyn Raymond, illus., \$1.25.—The Resolute Mr. Pansy, an electrical story, by Prof. John Trowbridge, \$1.25.—The Secret of the Black Butte, or The Mysterious Mine, a tale of the Big Horn, by William Shattuck, illus., \$1.50.—Wanolasset, by A. G. Plympton, illus., \$1.25.—Torpeanuts the Tomboy, by Lily F. Wesselhoft, illus., \$1.25.—Rich Enough, by Leigh Webster, illus., \$1.25.—Nan in the City, or Nan's Winter with the Girls, by Myra Sawyer Hamlin, illus., \$1.25. (Roberts Bros.)

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The Cruikshank Fairy Book, illus. by George Cruikshank. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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- Good Luck, by L. T. Meade, illus., \$1. — Kent Fielding's Ventures, by I. T. Thurston, illus., \$1.25. (A. I. Bradley & Co.)
- Fairy Tales from the Far North, by P. Chr. Asbjörnson, authorized translation by H. L. Braekstad, illus., \$2. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)
- The Little Blue Fox, and other creatures, selected, collected, and illustrated by children, \$1.50. (Wm. Doxey.)

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 127 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Richard Wagner. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain; trans. from the German by G. Ainslie Hight, and revised by the author. Illustrated in photogravure, colotype, etc., large 4to, gilt top, uncut, pp. 402. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$7.50.
- Life and Correspondence of Rufus King. Edited by his grandson, Charles R. King, M.D. Vol. IV., 1801-1806; with portrait, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 599. G. F. Putnam's Sons. \$5.
- Arnold of Rugby: His School Life and Contributions to Education. Edited by J. J. Findlay, M.A.; with Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Hereford. 12mo, uncut, pp. 263. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Thomas and Matthew Arnold and their Influence on English Education. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M.A. 12mo, pp. 277. "Great Educators." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 net.
- Ulysses S. Grant, and the Period of National Preservation and Reconstruction. By William Conant Church. Illus., 12mo, pp. 473. "Heroes of the Nations." G. F. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

HISTORY.

- The Evolution of France under the Third Republic. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin; trans. from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood; with Preface and additions by Dr. Albert Shaw. With portraits, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 430. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$3.
- What Gunpowder Plot Was. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, D.C.L. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 208. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.
- The Founding of the German Empire by William I. By Heinrich von Sybel; trans. from the German by Helene Shimmelfennig White. Vol. VI.; 8vo, pp. 452. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.
- The Story of the Cowboy. By E. Hough. Illus., 12mo, pp. 349. "Story of the West" series. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Campaign of Marengo. With Comments. By Herbert H. Sargent. With maps, 12mo, pp. 240. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.
- Beside Old Hearth-Stones. By Abram English Brown. Illus., 12mo, pp. 367. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.
- Report and Accompanying Papers of the Venezuela Commission. Vol. I., Historical; large 8vo, uncut, pp. 406. Government Printing Office. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- A History of English Poetry. By W. J. Courthope, C.B. Vol. II., The Renaissance and the Reformation: Influence of the Court and the Universities. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 429. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
- Letters to an Unknown. By Prosper Mérimée; trans. from the French, with Preface, by Henri Pène du Bois. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 305. Brentano's. \$1.25.
- History of Early Christian Literature in the First Three Centuries. By Dr. Gustav Krüger; trans. by Rev. Charles R. Gillett, A.M. 12mo, pp. 409. Macmillan Co. \$2 net.
- Talks on the Study of Literature. By Arlo Bates. 12mo, pp. 260. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Certain Accepted Heroes, and Other Essays in Literature and Politics. By Henry Cabot Lodge. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 269. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
- The Age of Milton. By the Rev. J. Howard B. Masterman, M.A.; with Introduction, etc., by J. Bass Mullinger, M.A. 16mo, pp. 254. "Handbooks of English Literature." Macmillan Co. \$1 net.
- The Poet's Poet, and Other Essays. By William A. Quayle. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 332. Curtis & Jennings. \$1.25.
- From a Girl's Point of View. By Lilian Bell. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 192. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- The Statue in the Air. By Caroline Eaton Le Conte. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 120. Macmillan Co. 75 cts.
- Tom Moore in Bermuda: A Bit of Literary Gossip. By J. C. Lawrence Clark. Illus., 4to, pp. 17. Lancaster, Mass.: The Author. Paper.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- The Works of François Rabelais. Trans. by Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Motteux; revised, with Introduction, by Alfred Wallis. In 5 vols., illus., 16mo, gilt tops, uncut. J. B. Lippincott Co. Boxed, \$5.
- The Confessions of Rousseau. Thoroughly revised, corrected, and extended by the addition of passages omitted from former editions. In 4 vols., illus., 16mo, gilt tops, uncut. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$4.
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- The Ring and the Book. By Robert Browning; edited from the author's revised version by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 490. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.
- The Novels of H. de Balzac: New vols.: *Seraphita*, and *The Seamy Side of History*. Trans. by Clara Bell; with Prefaces by George Saintsbury. Each illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan Co. Per vol., \$1.50.
- Illustrated English Library. New vols.: *Lever's Charles O'Malley*, illus. by Arthur Rackham; and *Bulwer-Lytton's The Last Days of Pompeii*, illus. by Lancelot Speed. Each 12mo, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Per vol., \$1.
- Temple Classics. Edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A. New vols.: *Boswell's Johnson*, Vol. II.; *Montaigne's Essays*, Vol. IV.; *Chapman's Translation of Homer's Odyssey*, 2 vols. Each with frontispiece, 18mo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan Co. Per vol., 30 cts.
- John Halifax, Gentleman. By Miss Mulock. "Luxembourg" edition; illus. by Alice Barber Stephens; 8vo, gilt top, pp. 540. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
- The Poetical Works of Matthew Arnold. "University" edition, with biographical Introduction. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 502. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
- Faience Series. New vols.: *Hawthorne's The Scarlet Letter*; *Prosper Mérimée's Colomba*, trans. by Rose Sherman; *Anatole France's The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, trans. by Arabella Ward; and *Sir Lewis Morris's The Epic of Hades*. Each with photogravure frontispiece, 16mo, gilt top. T. Y. Crowell & Co. Per vol., \$1.
- "Outward Bound" Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Works. New vol.: *The Light That Failed*. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 329. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)
- Edward the Third. Edited by G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. With frontispiece, 24mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 127. "Temple Dramatists." Macmillan Co. 45 cts.
- The Crime of the Boulevard. By Jules Claretie; trans. from the French by Mrs. Carlton A. Kingsbury. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 253. R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.
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- The Express Messenger, and Other Tales of the Rail. By Cy Warman. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 238. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
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- True to Themselves: A Psychological Study. By Alexander J. C. Skene, M. D. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 397. F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.25.
- In the Days of Drake. By J. S. Fletcher. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 248. Rand, McNally & Co. 75 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- British Central Africa: An Attempt to Give Some Account of a Portion of the Territories under British Influence North of the Zambesi. By Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 4to, gilt top, pp. 544. Edward Arnold. \$10.
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- Golden Alaska: A Complete Account to Date of the Yukon Valley. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illus., 12mo, pp. 149. Rand, McNally & Co. Paper, 25 cts.
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